

THE HANDS IN WINTER.

It is Not Difficult to Keep Them Soft and Free from Redness and Chapping.

Most women whose hands are now occasionally exposed to the weather in winter suffer from chapping, or, what is almost equally bad, the hands become red and swollen. The chief reason for these annoying but common accompaniments of cold weather is that the skin, losing its elasticity because of a lack of natural secretion at a time that atmospheric conditions do not induce perspiration, becomes unduly dry and contracted, and so is liable to crack. It is a tender skin that will do this, because tender skins are thin and delicate and cannot stand what rougher ones will, says an authority on such things.

Another cause is carelessness in drying the skin after washing it, particularly if it is washed immediately before going out into the open air or directly after coming in.

Very many persons in cold weather dare not wash their hands either before going out or immediately after coming in, for if they do, even though the water they use be warm, their skin will burn so as to be painful, and it will red besides.

They may avoid such an annoyance if they will rub on the hands a little cold cream or camphor oil, allow it to remain on a moment or so and then remove it with a soft, old handkerchief, either of silk or cambric.

Another delightful emollient for the hands, arms and neck is fine oatmeal. Put it into a flannel bag, boil it and then place it in the water intended for ablutions, or it may be kept dry in a jar on the toilet table and some rubbed on the hands whenever they are washed. Honey rubbed into the skin still wet, drying it in as the skin is dried, is also a preventive of chapping.

If hands were dried more carefully there would be less roughness of the skin. A good plan is to dry the hands well, after using the towel, with an old, soft silk handkerchief, which will absorb any moisture left.

Glycerin is an old friend, but as alone it is irritating to moist skins it should be diluted with rose water or pure water—one part of glycerin to three parts of rose water. If about one dram of glycerin it helps to remove almost any stains from the hands.

If a woman is wise she will take the precaution to wear gloves when dusting a room or doing any kind of work that will soil her hands.

Not every woman can have a perfect hand, but every woman can have a beautifully kept hand. The perfect hand, according to Firenzuola, an Italian author of the sixteenth century, who wrote a "Dialogue on the Beauty of Women," has fingers long, slender, tapering somewhat toward the tip. The nails should be transparent, like pale rubies among pink roses and leaves of pomegranate flower, not long, not round nor altogether square, but of a fair shape and with a very slight boss, uncovered, clean and well kept, so that at the base the little white crescent is visible.

Above, beyond the flesh of the finger, an edge should be seen as wide as a small knife is thick, without the smallest suspicion of black at the tip. And the whole hand must be of a tender, firm surface, as though it were of fine silk or of the softest cotton.

"NOT OF OUR KILLIN'."

A Funny Yarn That Is Related About Senator Gallinger and His Coachman.

Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, who will be acting chairman of the senate committee on the District of Columbia during the coming session of congress and will probably be permanent chairman of that committee after the beginning of the Fifty-eighth congress, is now and then reminded of his profession before entering the field of statesmanship. These occasions are when some one is taken suddenly ill and there is necessity for quick treatment by a physician. Then Senator Gallinger very readily takes on the role of Dr. Gallinger and shows the same energy in relieving suffering that he does in advocating or opposing a measure before the senate, says the Washington Star.

When Senator Gallinger was practicing medicine in his New Hampshire home he had a coachman who was a "character" worthy of the attention of any writer of fiction. On one occasion Dr. Gallinger was calling professionally at a house next to a residence on which was displayed black crepe as a sign of death. A passer-by noticed the crepe and not knowing who had died there supposed Dr. Gallinger was in the house and that his coachman could give the desired information. The coachman seemed to take the inquiry as a personal affront and bristled up in martial style.

"I don't know," he retorted, promptly. "It's not of our killin'—it's not of our killin'."

Then he pulled his horse up so as to avoid any further suspicion that he was waiting for the doctor to come out of the house with the badge of mourning.

Corn Dainty.

Open a can of corn, run the corn through a meat chopper to grind fine all the whole and coarse grains. Place a baking dish on the stove, put in two spoonfuls of butter, when hot add the corn, a teaspoonful of sugar, salt and pepper, cook and stir for a few minutes, add and stir in well three beaten eggs, and place in the oven until slightly browned; remove, fold a napkin around the dish, set it in a pretty place and place upon the table.—Good Housekeeping.

Roasted Beef Balls.

With a knife, scrape from a piece of raw round steak as much as possible of the soft part of the meat. Dust with a very little salt and form into balls in the palm of the hand, but applying no more pressure than absolutely necessary. Cook for two minutes on a hot omelet pan, shaking the balls about so they will spit. Good Housekeeping.



CHRISTMAS.

IS Christmas, and merrily The church bells all should ring: Their notes proclaiming, far and near, The birthday of our King.

A King, indeed, the Son of Heaven, Whose coming down to earth Placed upon man the signet true Of his immortal birth.

The starlit heavens in beauty shone As Christ, the child, appeared; And shepherds, gazing on the scene, Beheld, adored and feared.

Brightest among the starry orbs, The star of Bethlehem Shot forth its fairest, purest rays, As if to beckon them.

To tarry not, but seek the spot Where in the manger lay The heavenly babe, the one foretold, To be a King at last.

Aye, Sovereign of a world redeemed, Of man from sin made free, Though humble, lowly as a babe, Yet still a Prince was He.

One universal song should rise This Christmas morn'g on high, Earth's millions sing as angels sang When Christ to earth drew nigh.

Good Will to Men, and Peace on Earth, Sang the angelic choir, And through the centuries these words Have failed not to inspire.

Their meaning sinking deep within The hearts of all mankind, From thence producing grand results, Which souls together bind.

Good will to men the infant Christ Brought from His home above; And this rich gift He freely gives Is filled with purest love.

The Christ-child and the risen Christ Should claim our thoughts to-day, Through them there came the blessed hope Of immortality.

Ring loudly, then, ye Christmas bells, Until the charmed air Shall vibrate with a melody Whose music all may share.—J. M. Thompson, in Boston Budget.

UNCLE JOHN'S CHRISTMAS.

By MYRA GOODWIN PLANTZ.

HERE I am, Uncle John, for your Christmas present," and the tall man found himself imprisoned by a pair of warm arms, while a sweet young face was held up to his own.

"Glad to see you, Puss. You look as your ma did at your age. It was kind of you to give up city holidays and come into a country village in the dead of winter."

"Oh, I came to visit you, and you are not dead nor cold," laughed Jessie, merrily.

A thrill of new life went through the old bachelor's heart. Then his sister had not let her children know what a selfish old fellow he was.

The large Kingsley family had scattered east and west, all except the eldest, John. When the town took in the old homestead he was able to start a bank in the village. The more he enlarged in his worldly possessions the more contracted became his heart. He lived in the old brick homestead alone, except for the presence of a faithful old domestic and the hired man. He did not often visit his relatives or ask them to visit him, but Mary was a minister's wife and her husband had lately been sent to one of the small churches in the large city near, and the sister determined to try to win the lonely man back to himself.

"I am afraid you will find this dark house very still," said the uncle. "Oh, we'll throw up the shades and let in all the light, and Wisconsin has the brightest winter sunshine in the world. While I am here we will have in all of your old friends. My head is tired from studying, but my hands are all right, and I'll help cook and work."

"Nancy is a Tartar; you had better keep out of her kitchen," warned the uncle. "I do not dare give too many orders to her. She always expected the very best of everyone, and in hunting for the rose side of every nature she, some way, got around the thorns without bringing them to the surface."

Uncle John could hardly believe he was in his own house when he saw it all open, warm and light, with flowers in the windows, and Nancy looking kind instead of haughty and severe. He heard such merry peals of laughter from the kitchen he ventured into those sacred precincts to help pop corn and crack hickory nuts. Man is a domestic animal, and the odor of frying doughnuts and the sight of the raisins being stoned and eggs growing into snow white foam, bring up pleasant sensations. He had a pleasant way of going to meet her uncle, and it quickened his old heart to see the bright face under the red cap coming his way.

After supper she brought his slippers and put the table near the glowing grate, for she insisted that there was nothing poetical in heat coming out of the fire, and then would sit down and talk. One evening she said:

"I hope you haven't made all of your Christmas plans. It would be such fun to help you make out your list."

"My what?" asked the uncle, in surprise.

"Why, the list of what you are going to do for Santa Claus. He probably has exchanged his sleigh for an automobile this year and will visit more people. Seriously, I mean, uncle, it is hard to plan to make a lot of people happy on Christmas, you know."

He did not know, for he had not tried it. He had long ago made a holy Christmas an ordinary day. Jessie went right on as if he had been enthusiastic.

"It is a thank-offering year, you know, and we must do more than usual. The children have been making scrap books and fixing up old toys for months, and I've salt mit-

tons at night, and mamma earned five dollars for the poor."

"How?" asked the uncle. "Mollie wanted two weeks off, and mamma had that money. She has so much sewing and church work she couldn't stand it all alone, even with our help, but she said a little backache for Christmas was a pleasure. She sent a warm dress to a preacher's wife out west. Papa wore patched flannels and sent five dollars to India for an extra dinner among some famine orphans. Of course, there are some poor people for us to have for dinner, or we send it. How many family canners have you on your list, uncle, dear?"

"Nancy attends to the dinners herself," answered Uncle John, a little stiffly.

"Oh, can I help her and order what I want at the grocery? I suppose in a town like this there are many who look to you for their Christmas turkey," said Jessie, brightly.

"Do as you think best," answered the uncle, with that inward pang some people have when getting with one's.

"And can I help invite the guests for our own home dinner? The minister's wife does her own work, so of course we want them to be the dear children; and I met the sweetest little woman on the train with two lovely children. Her husband died a year ago, and she finds she cannot stand sewing in a shop to support them, so she has come to her girlhood home to see what she can do for them."

And let Jessie fill her children with cake and candy almost beyond the rescuing power of any remedy. After dinner the banker called Nancy aside and asked if the widow and her children could stay until she could find work, if extra help were hired, and Nancy, overshadowed by Christmas angels, consented.

If you have never devoured a man's best friends in a powerful frame of mind you do not know how the minister felt. He had for a long time been trying to get up his courage to talk to his richest and stingiest member about starting the new church building, and with the aid of the Christmas angels, the minister secured a promise that the rich man would bear half the expense of the new building and think about the new organ.

That night the man sat alone after the house was still. If he had had a keener sense of hearing he would have heard the Christmas angels singing a song of thanksgiving near him, but he only heard his own soul speaking in the night: "John Kingsley, there has been a mistake. You have been thought selfish and cold toward God and man. But you are fond of folks and of doing good with your money—the real John, I mean. The old, lonely, selfish man is dead, John. I am going, with God's help, to make myself a present of a noble, generous soul!"

In her happy girlhood sleep Jessie was smiling as if she heard the Christmas angels rejoicing, saying: "Blessed are they who show souls

the blessedness of giving."—N. W. Christian Advocate.

Christmas in the North. Norway and Sweden celebrate with a real Santa Claus. Early Christmas eve the children are dressed in their finest attire. Days previously songs, dialogues and speeches have been prepared. The house is decorated with the holly and greens, and all day long the children are on the qui vive. Every knock on the door or ring of the bell brings a thrill of expectancy and a rush to the door, until finally Santa Claus appears. The children have on their best behavior with their good clothes, Santa is respectfully saluted, but with expectant eyes, and finally, after repeated handshakings and exchanges of good wishes, he inquires into the behavior of the children. If a child is guilty of any gross misdemeanor he chides the little delinquent, but always forgives under a promise of a better report next year. Little speeches are then made, songs of the day are sung, and the younger children climb into Santa's lap, thoroughly enjoying his visit. At last comes the grand distribution of gifts. From his pack Santa selects each one's gift, when the ringing of sleigh bells is heard in the distance, and he must go. Such a tugging and pulling the dear old saint never experienced; but there are other children waiting, other presents to be given, and he cannot disappoint so many, so he must speed on his way.—Katherine Bryant in Woman's Home Companion.

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He smiled with real pleasure when he saw the five heavy baskets Jake was to take around Christmas eve. He hung around, living over boyhood memories, while Nancy stuffed the big turkey and Jessie made candy and popcorn balls. He even felt to stoning raisins for the plum pudding and was rewarded by a piece of Nancy's "sample pie."

"You haven't asked for anything for yourself, chick," he said to his niece.

Tears came to the young girl's eyes. "It is enough to have such a kind, generous uncle," she answered. "And, uncle, I don't believe people understand how noble-hearted you are."

Evidently not, for that evening the banker had overheard one of his clerks say, "This is the first time we have gotten what we did not slave for. He is going crazy!" and Nancy had remarked to Jake in tones overheard in the next room: "He won't be long with us. Folks often change in nature 'fore they're struck with death."

In the morning Uncle John found a pair of mittens at his plate from Nancy and several pretty but useful things, the handiwork of his niece. Nancy was radiant over the new wool dress and Jake grinning over a two-dollar bill, while Jessie danced with joy over a pretty gold pin set in pearls, having few ornaments dear to a girl's heart.

The dinner was a great success and the little widow and her children thought they were in paradise. The third minister's wife forgot her woe-

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## A Christmas Reverie

I'll hang up my stocking, Miss Phyllis says,  
 And sit her down in the fire light glow,  
 To wonder what she'll probably get  
 From Sally and Maud and Uncle Joe.  
 (Miss Phyllis, don't in this unkind way,  
 Leave out poor Jack on  
 Christmas Day.)

A brood of roses and Reggie is just a dear! And pink and white, certainly dear! An opera cloak and books galore. And Jack—will he send anything this year? (Miss Phyllis, I beg you, do not start! If you find in your stockings toe a hair!)

Miss Phyllis flushes, then tries to think  
 What Betty has brought her from Paris, Alaska!  
 Again she blushes, wondering  
 If she should send anything to Jack.  
 (Miss Phyllis, pray take this hint from me:  
 A fair exchange is no robbery!)

Edith Kellogg Dinton

Christmas Customs in the Hawaiian Islands

N. W. EDITOR once said to me: "Christmas in Hawaii is sort of inverted, is it not?" I took it he meant a kind of topsy-turvy Christmas, one not at all orthodox, conventional. And that is just about what it is.

The newcomer is apt to consider it very like the Fourth of July. Up above there's a bright sun shining, underneath green grass waving, flowers blowing; and all about is the fire-cracker with small boy attached. Pop, pop, goes the cracker; boom, boom goes the cannon, from midnight of December 24 to midnight of December 25. Just what its significance is, on that date and out there, I am sure I do not know. Probably the many Chinese, rather than the Americans, are responsible for the outrageous noise. The Hawaiians have long had the Celestials within their borders, and they have been not a little influenced by contact therewith; and the Chinese, you know, celebrate their New Year holidays with the festive cracker.

The Hawaiians' queer medley of a Christmas is made up from the observances of many peoples. The Portuguese form a large per cent. of the population in Hawaii, and these Latin folk have loaned to the native their way of keeping the great holiday. Gay clothes, presents of flowers and sweets, wine-drinking with one's friends, attendance at church, tinsel gifts; in this manner the Portuguese keep Christmas, and the Hawaiians follow in their footsteps, sometimes a little overdoing the wine drinking.

But the Hawaiians never seem to reach the quarrelsome stage of intemperance; he only gets gayer and more good-humored, hilariously greeting all whom he meets. The Christmas reveler, in cotton trousers and shirt, a wreath of red poppies about his neck or around his hat, who mounts his steed and gallops up and down the streets throwing "Mer' Christmas" right and left, in appearance is quite a contrast to his pale-faced neighbor. The haole (white), attired very correctly, may be seen driving in stately fashion hither and yon, also bent on the exchange of Christmas greetings. Well-appointed carriages—even the automobile—pass up and down the whitish coral roads, the ladies dressed in the height of fashion, that is as fashion can be copied in summer station.

For thin gowns are the order of the day in Hawaii, even in midwinter; and the maidens, with their organdies and grass linens, their quantities of fresh flowers, their big sun hats, look like so many picknickers rather than partakers in Christmas festivities.

"What to give for Christmas" in Hawaii is indeed perplexing. When one cannot make any use of furs, velvet, silks, skates or the hosts of things appreciated in "the states," it is easily seen that one's choice is limited. Preceding Christmas, the Chinese and Japanese stores are haunted by anxious would-be-givers-of-gifts, and every year the orientals do a thriving

**LIFE ON THE FARM EASIER.**

Changes That Have Taken Place in the West in a Generation—Lack of the Telephone.

It is difficult to realize the great change which has taken place in the west, particularly in the region lying between the Missouri river and the Rocky mountains. Unless one has lived through these changes and witnessed them they are almost beyond belief, says the New York Sun.

This great change is well illustrated in the experience of J. C. Norton, a farmer who lives near Moran, Allen county Kan. Mr. Norton settled there with his parents 31 years ago.

"At that time," he said, "one could get on a horse and gallop for miles in any direction and never see a house or sign of man; now every spot of land about here is occupied and under fence."

"Eight long-distance telephone wires pass my house, and right by my own desk is my own telephone. When I have produce to sell I can telegraph to town and get the price before I leave home."

"Once recently I decided I needed a new suit of clothes to attend a wedding the next day. I telephoned into town at eight o'clock in the evening and the clothes were delivered at my door at nine o'clock the next morning. When my wife needs some groceries in a hurry she can telephone to town at eight o'clock in the morning and they will be delivered to her an hour later."

"Every farmer now burns natural gas in his house. I have five stoves and 13 lights in my house and have three torches to light up the yards when necessary. I have also four places on the farm to thresh, so I can burn gas in the engine on any part of the farm, and last harvest we threshed my wheat after dark by the light of a large gas torch. We elevate our water with gas, light the hog sheds and keep the little pigs warm."

A farmer's wife made a note of the advantages which were secured by the farm telephone recently. Here are some of the items:

Before breakfast the farmer discovered that some of his cattle had broken out of a pasture and were missing. He began telephoning to his neighbors and within five minutes had the strays located. Without the telephone he would have put in two hours looking for them.

A few minutes later a half bushel of peaches which had blown from the trees during the night were brought in, and it was evident that they must be put up right away in order to save them. The housewife had not a sufficient supply of sugar. It required only a minute to telephone to town, five miles away, and the rural delivery carrier brought the sugar out two hours later.

The farmer intended to cut hay, but before doing so he telephoned to the post office, where the government weather report was received daily by telegraph, and asked what the weather indications were. He was told that storms threatened. As a consequence, he did not cut his hay and probably avoided a considerable loss.

A bunch of cattle were driven past the farm and were noticed by the farmer. Fifteen minutes later a telephone message announced that some cattle had been stolen the night before over in the next county. The description tallied with those the farmer had seen. Within two hours the thieves had been captured and the owner of the cattle notified by telephone where he could find them.

HUMAN AEOLIAN HARPS.

People Get Ahead Financially and Then Begin to Play Tunes on Their Nerves.

Seeking for new sensations seems to be the cry of the hour among the pleasure hunting populace. The minute people get enough money ahead to allow a breathing space in the rush of business, they turn and look about for amusement; and, not being able, through that well adjusted gastronomic law, to eat their cake and have it, too, they begin at once to fill up to satiety on cake of all kinds. Hence the never ending search for a new variety of cake, the gamut of the known kinds being run very quickly, says the New York Herald.

We treat our nervous systems as if they were wind harps, to be played upon by every breeze that blows, and the zephyr that evokes the newest or most startling vibratory thrills along those much used strings commands the highest market price and the largest following of harpers with their harps.

We throng the theaters in the hope of being agreeably played upon—and the distracted managers of the same are growing grayheaded in the wild attempt to outdo each other in the business of aeolian harp orchestration. The result is often more a jar and a discord than music.

There are the loop the loops and other hair-raising devices wherewith to sweep these harps of a thousand strings. And now comes Switzerland with the worst ever in the way of sensational experiences. Instead of the tame old climb up Mont Blanc, the tourist now may go on a "submerged excursion" in a submarine boat in Lake Geneva.

An airy bit of perfiffage, a sort of flirting with danger, is suggested in the naive presentation to each passenger of this novel trip of a life insurance policy for \$2,500.

Still, it is the class of people who like to acquire gooseflesh feelings who are, in theatrical parlance, the "dogs" of this world—upon whom the new things are tried to prove their utility among modern conveniences. There must have been a "dog" in search of thrills upon whom to try the first steamboat, the first trolley and the first risque drama.

**Redemption of Postal Cards.**

Postal cards which have been spoiled and not sent through the mails, if entire, are now redeemed at all post offices under a sliding scale of valuations by which the postmaster will pay 7 cents for 10 cards, 18 cents for 25 cards, 37 cents for 50 cards, 75 cents for 100 cards. The cards are to be wrapped in bundles of 25.—Washington Star.